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## LOUIS PASTEUR.

On the façade of a little house in the Rue des Tanneurs at Dôle may be seen a plate bearing, in letters of gold, the following inscription: 'Here was born LOUIS PASTEUR, December 27, 1822.' It was placed there in the presence of the living man, as he was borne in a triumphal procession along the streets of the old town where he had spent his early days. 'England has ceased to stone and burn her prophets,' says Froude in his *Life of Carlyle*; 'she is contented to pay them some moderate homage, and leaves the final decorating work to future generations.' In Germany and France, the final decorating work is less grudgingly awarded. The crowns with oak leaves are not only given to actors and prima donnas, and still less to politicians, but they are worn by men of science, to whom the word 'success' bears a different meaning from that which is commonly given to it amongst ourselves: with them, success does not mean money or fame; it means the attainment of that knowledge which shall be of lasting benefit to humanity.

Pasteur's parents were of humble origin, and poor. His father, an old soldier, decorated on the field of battle, took up the trade of a tanner when, the war over, he returned to France, and was obliged to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door. Nevertheless, he found time every evening to superintend the lessons of his son, who at an early age was sent to college, and of whom he was determined to make an educated man. The boy, however, was no infant prodigy; and it is reported of him that he did not always take the shortest road either to or from school. He was fonder of drawing than anything else, and whenever he could escape from his books, would amuse himself by taking portraits of his neighbours. An old lady at Arbois was heard to regret, as time went on, this wasted talent, and to say: 'What a pity he should have buried himself in chemistry, for he might have made his fortune as a painter!' In due time, however, the passion for work, afterwards so imperative, was

born within him. He left Arbois for Besançon, and there received the degree of *bachelier des lettres*. He was immediately appointed tutor in the same college; and in the intervals of his duties he followed the course of mathematics necessary to prepare him for the scientific examinations of the *Ecole Normale*. There, at the first examination, he passed fourteenth on the list. But this did not satisfy him: he began a new year of preparation, settling himself to work in a silent corner of Paris. He then came out fourth; and in 1843, he was enabled, in the great school where he was destined to take so distinguished a place, to follow out to his heart's content his passion for chemistry.

At this time, two professors as different as possible both in manner and system of teaching, exercised an equal influence over their pupils. Dumas, at the Sorbonne, polished and grave, was accustomed to dwell on general principles; Balard, at the *Ecole Normale*, vivacious and enthusiastic, overwhelmed his audience with the multitude of facts, and did not always give his words time to follow his thoughts. One day, as he was showing potash in the lecture-room to the students, he exclaimed with fervour: 'Potash—which—potash then—potash in short—which I now present to you.'

The rules of the *Ecole Normale* might well be copied in many other educational institutions; they leave much to the student himself, who has free access to the laboratories and the library, where he may consult all the scientific journals and reviews. Presupposing the earnest purpose of the individual, this system greatly develops the spirit of research; but to Pasteur were lacking many of the advantages enjoyed by the present day students, for, although he was made 'dean' at an incredibly early age, and intrusted with the scientific studies at the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, he had no laboratory; and when he petitioned the Minister of Public Instruction for one, the reply was worthy of the period when science was at a discount, when Claude Bernard lived in a small damp garret, and Berthelot was

nothing more than an assistant in the Collège de France. The reply was this: 'There is no clause in the budget to grant you fifteen hundred francs a year to defray the expense of experiments.'

Pasteur, whose only thought was to learn, to question, and to study, did not hesitate to establish a laboratory—a very modest one, however—at his own expense; and there was probably born within him that scientific imagination which has been lately somewhat mistily described as a preconceived idea. He was too simple to arrogate to himself any unusual or peculiar method of discovery; but he used to say that nothing could be done without preconceived ideas; and Professor Tyndall commenting on the words, insists that they are far from meaning ideas without antecedents: using his own poetic vein, he remarks that the days are gone for ever when angels whispered into the hearkening human ear secrets which had no root in man's previous knowledge or experience; and that the only revelation now open to the wise arises from 'intending the mind' on acquired knowledge. At the time when Pasteur undertook his investigations on the diseases of silkworms, he had never seen a silkworm; but the preconceived ideas he brought to bear upon the subject were the vintage of garnered facts.

Remaining as Balard's assistant at the Ecole Normale, although he had been offered the professorship of Physics in the Lycée of Tournon, Pasteur began the study of crystals; and the manner in which he—still so young a student—explained away the difficulties which had appeared insurmountable to the great investigator Mitscherlich, immediately attracted the attention of the Academy. When, some time later, Biot brought the inquirers together, Mitscherlich said: 'I had studied with so much care and perseverance, in their smallest details, the two salts which formed the subject of my note to the Academy, that if you have established what I was unable to discover, you must have been guided to your result by a preconceived idea.' And this was absolutely the case, for the result was reached by simple common-sense; and the wonder is, not that a searcher of such penetration as Pasteur should have discovered a difference in the facets of otherwise analogous crystals, but that an investigator so powerful and so experienced as Mitscherlich should have missed it. But besides the discovery that certain crystals supposed to be identical are not really so, Pasteur went on to further and exceedingly curious conclusions. He satisfied himself of the distinction between minerals or artificial products and the products which are extracted from vegetables. Such conclusions—supported, it is needless to say, by the most careful experiments—are sure to arrest the attention of a large class of people, who, dreading materialism, are ready to welcome any generalisation which separates

the living from the inanimate world; and even should they be considered somewhat insecure, the studies from which they were drawn are known to be sound, and must endure for ever, however theory may change and inference fade away.

Pasteur was now led by force of circumstances to relinquish a line of research which still possesses for him an invincible attraction. By a sudden turn, he was thrown unexpectedly upon the subject of fermentation; and fermentation led to the study of diseases; but he still laments that he never had time to retrace his steps. At the time when Pasteur was nominated dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille, fermentation was but little understood. The yeast-plant had been discovered; and a German manufacturer of chemicals had noticed that common commercial tartrate of lime fermented on being dissolved and exposed to a moderate heat. His solution, he described, which was at first limpid and pure, became turbid, and this was owing to the multiplication of a microscopic organism. Pasteur recognised in this little organism a living ferment, and became assured that ferments are in all cases living things; the substances formerly regarded as ferments being in reality the food of ferments. But whence come these minute organisms? It was impossible for Pasteur to accept the theory of spontaneous generation, so enthusiastically supported by Ponchet and others. One by one he explained the fallible nature of their experiments, and proved, by his own, that not a single circumstance had yet appeared to justify the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs or without parents like themselves. He speedily brought the most scientific men to his own conclusions. M. Fleurens, permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences, delivered his opinion before the whole Academy in the following words: 'As long as my opinion was not formed, I had nothing to say; now it is formed, and I can speak. The experiments are decisive. If spontaneous generation be a fact, what is necessary for the production of animalcula? Air and putrescible liquids. Now, Pasteur puts air and putrescible liquids together, and nothing is produced. Spontaneous generation, then, has no existence. Those who still doubt, have failed to grasp the question.'

Pasteur had now the key to many problems. He traced all the maladies of wine to a specific organism which acted as a ferment, and could be destroyed at a temperature of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit without injury to the wine. It was the same thing with beer: the causes of deterioration are identically the same; and the heating of bottled beer as a means of preservation is now largely practised, especially in Europe and in America.

Pasteur's next investigations were directed to the diseases of silkworms. In the year 1849, an epidemic threatened to destroy the whole silkworm commerce of France. The symptoms were variable, and would break out sometimes

in the eggs, sometimes in the 'worms,' sometimes during the processes of moulting. Innumerable remedies were tried without success, and the cultivators were in despair. Pasteur was persuaded to leave for a time the experiments which had been so fruitful, and to advance with hesitation on an unknown road; but the misery of the population of certain departments in the south of France decided him to accept the offer made him by his old master Dumas, who had been nominated Reporter of the Commission set on foot to determine the best means of combating the epidemic. Pasteur started for Alais, where the plague was raging, and had not been there many hours when he was able to show to several members of the Agricultural Committee some infinitely small bodies in certain worms. He found them in the eggs, the worms, and the moths; but, curiously enough, not always in those which showed signs of disease. Other observers had already suggested a possible connection between the malady and these little bodies, but had failed to follow out the investigation. Pasteur affirmed that here was the disease, and—twenty days after his arrival—that it was only in the moths that search should be made for them; that the germ of the malady might be present in the eggs and escape detection; in the worm also it might elude microscopic examination; but that in the moth it reached a development so distinct as to render the recognition immediate. From healthy moths, healthy eggs were sure to spring; from healthy eggs, healthy worms; from healthy worms, fine cocoons; so that the problem of restoration to France of its silk husbandry reduced itself to the separation of the healthy from the unhealthy moths, the rejection of the latter, and the exclusive employment of the eggs of the former. This was the substance of the note which Pasteur presented to the Committee of Alais. He soon settled the question of contagion, upon which opinions were much divided. He gave healthy worms leaves over which infected worms had passed, and found, by this means, he could communicate the disease to as many worms as he chose. It therefore became no longer possible to doubt that pébrine was a contagious disease. The simple method by which Pasteur insured the cultivator against a recurrence of the epidemic is now universally adopted. As soon as her eggs are laid, the moth is crushed in a mortar and mixed with a little water; the mixture is examined by the microscope, and should a germ of the disease be found, the eggs are immediately destroyed, with everything belonging to them. Workshops are met with everywhere at the time of the cultivation, in which women and young girls are steadily employed, under strict supervision, in pounding and examining the moths, setting aside those eggs which are perfectly healthy, and destroying the rest.

Pasteur returned to Paris crowned with success; but he had overtaxed his strength, and was seized with paralysis. Seeing, as he thought, the near approach of death, he insisted upon dictating a last note on his important studies; but the end was not yet, and there were many more triumphs in store for him.

Advancing in his discoveries on living ferments, he drew nearer and nearer to a know-

ledge of the causes of contagious diseases; but he rather drew back from this special inquiry. The ancient medical theory of parasites and living contagia was revived, and Pasteur's own researches on fermentation had much to do with it. He could no longer maintain the part of mere spectator, and taking up the investigations of Davaine, Rayer, and Roch, he approached the study of the terrible cattle-plague, which for so many years had eluded all research. No doubt could be entertained of the parasitic nature of the disease, to which all animals were subject excepting birds. And here Pasteur stepped in with what Tyndall calls a 'hand specimen' of his genius. The temperature which prohibits the multiplication of the poisonous parasite is forty-four degrees; the temperature of the blood of birds is forty-two degrees—it is therefore close upon that which destroys infection, and might well be the cause of their immunity. Pasteur then made the following experiment. He placed the feet of a fowl in cold water, thereby considerably lowering the temperature. He then inoculated it, and in four-and-twenty hours it was dead. The argument was clinched by inoculating a chilled fowl, allowing the fever to come to a head, and then removing the patient, wrapped in cotton-wool, to a warm chamber, where it rapidly recovered; proving that the career of the parasite was brought to an end. The experiment is conclusive, and is full of suggestiveness as regards the treatment of fever in man. The next step was the consequence of long dwelling on the mystery of vaccination. Since most diseases are in their nature non-recurrent, why should there not, he argued, be found for each of them a preventive disease, which, being similar, but not so virulent, should act as a safeguard? Pasteur found that lengthened contact with free air weakens the contagion, or the microscopic parasites; they are living things, demanding certain elements of life, as do other living things, and they may so use up that which the body contains as essential to their growth, that it may be impossible to produce a second crop. Even a less vigorous parasite may suffice to exhaust the soil, and then a highly virulent one may be introduced, and will prove powerless. This is the whole secret of Jenner's discovery; but he employed it only in a single disease, leaving the field to Pasteur, who grasped at once the nature and extent of the discovery, and applied it with results which have appeared almost miraculous.

In 1881, Pasteur communicated to the Academy his discovery, that by repeated 'cultivations' of a poisonous parasite, much of its virulence could be destroyed—that, in fact, it might be rendered benign; and though much applause followed his exposition, some of his colleagues could not help suggesting that there was a little romance in the theory. The President of the Society of Agriculture at Melun invited Pasteur to make a public experiment of splenic fever vaccination. He accepted; and on May 5, 1881, an immense concourse of interested spectators assembled to watch the result. A flock of sheep was divided into two groups; those in the one were vaccinated, those in the other were left alone. A number of cows were similarly treated. After fourteen days, all the animals were inoculated with a

virulent kind of cattle-disease; and three days subsequently, twenty-one sheep which had not been protected by vaccination were dead, and the remaining ones were dying. The vaccinated sheep had hardly suffered at all. It was the same thing with the cows. A burst of enthusiasm followed these marvellous results; and although every new discovery is sure to be opposed, the significant fact remains that Pasteur is overwhelmed with applications for vaccine.

Pasteur is now over sixty years of age, but he still continues his researches with unabated energy; the last have reference to the most terrible malady of all—to hydrophobia, concerning which we may have something to say by-and-by. The immense possibilities which his discoveries are constantly revealing leave hardly any prospect too wide for fulfilment.

## A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

FRANCES slept very little all night; her mind was jarred and sore almost at every point. The day with all its strange experiences, and still more strange suggestions, had left her in a giddy round of the unreal, in which there seemed no ground to stand upon. Nelly Winterbourn was the first prodigy in that round of wonders. Why, with that immovable tragic face, had she intimated to Lady Markham the tenure upon which she held her fortune? Why had it been received as something conclusive on all sides? There is an end of Nelly. But why? And then came her mission to her aunt, the impression that had been made on her mind—the hope that had dawned on Frances; and then the event which swept both hope and impression away, and the bitter end that seemed to come to everything in the reappearance of Constance. Was it that she was jealous of Constance? Frances asked herself in the silence of the night, with noiseless bitter tears. The throbbing of her heart was all pain; life had become pain, and nothing more. Was it that she was jealous—jealous of her sister? It seemed to Frances that her heart was being wrung, pressed till the life came out of it in great drops under some giant's hands. She said to herself, No, no. It was only that Constance came in her careless grace, and the place was hers, wherever she came; and all Frances had done, or was trying to do, came to nought. Was that jealousy? She lay awake through the long hours of the summer night, seeing the early dawn grow blue, and then warm and lighten into the light of day. And then all the elements of chaos round her, which whirled and whirled and left no honest footing, came to a pause and disappeared, and one thing real, one fact remained—George Gaunt in his fever, lying rapt from all common life, taking no note of night or day. Perhaps the tide might be turning now for death or life, for this was once more the day that might be the crisis. The other matters blended into a phantasmagoria,

of which Frances could not tell which part was false and which true, or if anything was true; but here was reality beyond dispute. She thought of the pale light stealing into his room, blinding the ineffectual candles; of his weary head on the pillow growing visible; of the long endless watch; and far away among the mountains, of the old people waiting and praying, and wondering what news the morning would bring them. This thought stung Frances into a keen life and energy, and took from her all reflection upon matters so abstract as that question whether or not she was jealous of Constance. What did it matter? so long as he could be brought back from the gates of death and the edge of the grave, so long as the father and mother could be saved from that awful and murderous blow. She got up hastily long before any one was stirring. There are moments when all our ineffectual thinkings, and even futile efforts, end in a sudden determination that the thing must be done, and revelations of how to do it. She got up with a little tremor upon her, such as a great inventor might have when he saw at last his way clearly, or a poet when he has caught the spark of celestial fire. Is there any machine that was ever invented, or even any power so divine as the right way to save a life and deliver a soul? Frances' little frame was all tingling, but it made her mind clear and firm. She asked herself how she could have thought of any other but this way.

It was very early in the morning when she set out. If it had not been London, in which no dew falls, the paths would have been wet with dew; even in London, there was a magical something in the air which breathed of the morning, and which not all the housemaids' brooms and tradesmen's carts in the world could dispel. Frances walked along in the silence, along the long silent line of the Park, where there was nobody save a little early school-mistress, or perhaps a belated man about town, surprised by the morning, with red eyes and furtive looks, in the overcoat which hid his evening clothes, hurrying home to break the breadth of the sunshine, the soft morning light, which was neither too warm nor dazzling, but warmed gently, sweetly to the heart. Her trouble had departed from her in the resolution she had taken. She was very grave, not knowing whether death or life, sorrow or hope, might be in the air, but composed, because, whatever it was, it must now come, all being done that man could do. She did not hasten, but walked slowly, knowing how early she was, how astonished her aunt's servants would be to see her, unattended, walking up to the door. 'I will arise and go to my father.' Wherever these words can be said, there is a peace in them, a sense of safety at least. There are, alas, many cases in which, with human fathers, they cannot be said; but Waring, whatever his faults might be, had not forfeited his child's confidence, and he would understand. To all human aches and miseries, to be understood is the one comfort above all others. Those to whom she had appealed before, had been sorry; they had been astonished; they had gazed at her with troubled eyes. But her father would understand. This was the chief thing and the best. She went along under the



trees, which were still fresh and green, through the scenes which, a little while later, would be astir with all the movements, the comedies, the tragedies, the confusions and complications of life. But now they lay like a part of the fair silent country, like the paths in a wood, like the glades in a park, all silent and mute, birds in the branches, dew upon the grass—a place where Town had abdicated, where Nature reigned.

Waring was an early riser, accustomed to the early hours of a primitive people. It was a curious experience to him to come down through a closed-up and silent house, where the sunshine came in between the chinks of the shutters, and all was as it had been in the confusion of the night. A frightened maid-servant came before him to open the study, which his brother-in-law Cavendish had occupied till a late hour. Traces of the lawyer's vigil were still apparent enough—his waste-paper basket full of fragments; the little tray standing in the corner, which even when holding nothing more than soda-water and claret, suggests dissipation in the morning. Waring was jarred by all this unpreparedness. He thought with a sigh of the bookroom in the Palazzo all open to the sweet morning air, before the sun had come round that way; and when he stepped out upon the little iron balcony attached to the window and looked out upon other backs of houses, all crowding round, the recollection of the blue seas, the waving palms, the great peaks, all carved against the brilliant sky, made him turn back in disgust. The mean London walls of yellow brick, the narrow houses, the little windows, all blinded with white blinds and curtains, so near that he could almost touch them—'However, it will not be like this at the Warren,' he said to himself. He was no longer in the mood in which he had left Bordighera; but yet, having left, he was ready to acknowledge that Bordighera was impossible. It had continued from year to year—it might have continued for ever, with Frances ignorant of all that had gone before; but the thread of life once broken, could be knitted again no more. He acknowledged this to himself; and then he found that in acknowledging it, he had brought himself face to face with all the gravest problems of his life. He had held them at arm's-length for years; but now they had to be decided, and there was no alternative. He must meet them; he must look them in the face. And hers, too, he must look in the face. Life once more had come to a point at which neither habit nor the past could help him. All over again, as if he were a boy coming of age, it would have to be decided what it should be.

Waring was not at all surprised by the appearance of Frances fresh with the morning air about her. It seemed quite natural to him. He had forgotten all about the London streets, and how far it was from one point to another. He thought she had gained much in her short absence from him; perhaps in learning how to act for herself, to think for herself, which she had acquired since she left him; for he was entirely unaware, and even quite incapable of being instructed, that Frances had lived her little life as far apart from him, and been as independent of him while sitting by his side at

Bordighera, as she could have been at the other end of the world. But he was impressed by the steady light of resolution, the cause of which was as yet unknown to him, which was shining in her eyes. She told him her story at once, without the little explanations that had been necessary to the others. When she said George Gaunt, he knew all that there was to say. The only thing that it was expedient to conceal was Markham's part in the catastrophe, which was, after all, not at all clear to Frances; and as Waring was not acquainted with Markham's reputation, there was no suggestion in his mind of the name that was wanting to explain how the young officer, knowing nobody, had found entrance into the society which had ruined him. Frances told her tale in few words. She was magnanimous, and said nothing of Constance on the one hand, any more of Markham on the other. She told her father of the condition in which the young man lay, of his constant mutterings, so painful to hear, the Red and Black that came up, over and over again, in his distracted thoughts—the distracting burden that awaited him if he ever got free of that circle of confusion and pain—of the old people in Switzerland waiting for the daily news, not coming to him as they wished, because of that one dread yet vulgar difficulty which only she understood. 'Mamma says, of course they would not hesitate at the expense. O no, no! they would not hesitate. But how can I make her understand? and we know'—

'How could she understand?' he said with a pale smile, which Frances knew. 'She has never hesitated.' It was all that jarred even upon her excited nerves and mind. The situation was so much more clear to him than to the others, to whom young Gaunt was a stranger. And Waring was in his nature something of a Quixote to those who took him on the generous side. He listened—he understood; he remembered all that had gone on under his eyes. The young fellow had gone to London in desperation, unsettled, and wounded by the woman to whom he had given his love—and he had fallen into the first snare that presented itself. It was weak, it was miserable; but it was not more than a man could understand. When Frances found that at last her object was attained, the unlikelihood that it ever should have been attained, overwhelmed her even in the moment of victory. She clasped her arms round her father's arm, and laid down her head upon it, and, to his great surprise, burst into a passion of tears. 'What is the matter? What has happened? Have I said anything to hurt you?' he cried, half touched, half vexed, not knowing what it was, smoothing her smooth hair half tenderly, half reluctantly, with his disengaged hand.

'Oh, it is nothing, nothing! It is my folly; it is—happiness. I have tried to tell them all, and no one would understand. But one's father—one's father is like no one else,' cried Frances, with her cheek upon his sleeve.

Waring was altogether penetrated by these simple words, and by the childish action, which reminded him of the time when the little forlorn child he had carried away with him had no one but him in the world. 'My dear,' he said, 'it makes me happy that you think so. I have

been rather a failure, I fear, in most things; but if you think so, I can't have been a failure all round.' His heart grew very soft over his little girl. He was in a new world, though it was the old one. His sister, whom he had not seen for so long, had half disgusted him with her violent partisanship, though his was the party she upheld so strongly. And Constance, who had no hold of habitual union upon him, had exhibited all her faults to his eyes. But his little girl was still his little girl, and believed in her father. It brought a softening of all the ice and snow about his heart.

They walked together through the many streets to inquire for poor Gaunt; and were admitted with shakings of the head and downcast looks. He had passed a very disturbed night, though at present he seemed to sleep. The nurse who had been up all night, and was much depressed, was afraid that there were symptoms of a 'change.' 'I think the parents should be sent for, sir,' she said, addressing herself at once to Waring. These attendants did not mind what they said over the uneasy bed. 'He don't know what we are saying, any more than the bed he lies on.—Look at him, miss, and tell me if you don't think there is a change?' Frances held fast by her father's arm. She was more diffident in his presence than she had been before. The sufferer's gaunt face was flushed, his lips moved, though, in his weakness, his words were not audible. The other nurse, who had come to relieve her colleague, and who was fresh and unwearied, was far more hopeful. But she, too, thought that 'a change' might be approaching, and that it would be well to summon the friends. She went down-stairs with them to talk it over a little more. 'It seems to me that he takes more notice than we are aware of,' she said. 'The ways of sick folks are that wonderful, we don't understand, not the half of them; seems to me that you have a kind of an influence, miss. Last night he changed after you were here, and took me for his mamma, and asked me what I meant, said something about a Miss Una that was true, and a false Jessie or something. I wonder if your name is Miss Una, miss?' This inquiry was made while Waring was writing a telegram to the parents. Frances, who was not very quick, could only wonder for a long time who Una was and Jessie. It was not till evening, nearly twelve hours after, that there suddenly came into her mind the false Duessa of the poet. And then the question remained, who was Una, and who Duessa? a question to which she could find no reply.

Frances remained with her father the greater part of the day. When she found that what she desired was to be done, there fell a strange kind of lull into her being, which strangely took away her strength, so that she scarcely felt herself able to hold up her head. She began to be aware that she had neither slept by night nor had any peace by day, and that a fever of the mind had been stealing upon her, a sort of reflection of the other fever, in which her patient was enveloped as in a living shroud. She was scarcely able to stand, and yet she could not rest. Had she not put force upon herself, she would have been sending to and fro all day, creeping thither on limbs that

would not support her, to know how he was, or if the change had yet appeared. She had not feared for his life before, having no tradition of death in her mind; but now an alarm grew upon her that any moment might see the blow fall, and that the parents might come in vain. It was while she stood at one of the windows of Mrs Cavendish's gloomy drawing-room, watching for the return of one of her messengers, that she saw her mother's well-known brougham drive up to the door. She turned round with a little cry of 'Mamma' to where her father was sitting, in one of the seldom used chairs. Mrs Cavendish, who would not leave him for many minutes, was hovering by, wearying his fastidious mind with unnecessary solicitude, and a succession of questions which he neither could nor wished to answer. She flung up her arms when she heard Frances' cry. 'Your mother! Oh, has she dared!—Edward, go away, and let me meet her. She will not get much out of me.'

'Do you think I am going to fly from my wife?' Waring said. He rose up very tremulous, yet with a certain dignity. 'In that case, I should not have come here.'

'But, Edward, you are not prepared. O Edward, be guided by me. If you get into that woman's hands'—

'Hush!' he said; 'her daughter is here.' Then, with a smile: 'When a lady comes to see me, I hope I can receive her still as a gentleman should, whoever she may be.'

The door opened, and Lady Markham came in. She was very pale, yet flushed from moment to moment. She, who had usually such perfect self-command, betrayed her agitation by little movements, by the clasping and unclasping of her hands, by a hurried, slightly audible breathing. She stood for a moment without advancing, the door closing behind her, facing the agitated group. Frances, following an instinctive impulse, went hastily towards her mother, as a maid of honour in an emergency might hurry to take her place behind the Queen. Mrs Cavendish on her side, with a similar impulse, drew nearer to her brother—the way was cleared between the two, once lovers, now antagonists. The pause was but for a moment. Lady Markham, after that hesitation, came forward. She said: 'Edward, I should be wanting in my duty, if I did not come to welcome you home.'

'Home!' he said, with a curious smile. Then he, too, came forward a little. 'I accept your advances in the same spirit, Adelaide.' She was holding out her hands to him with a little appeal, looking at him with eyes that sunk and rose again, an emotion that was restrained by her age, by her matronly person, by the dignity of the woman, which could not be quenched by any flood of feeling. He took her hands in his with a strange timidity, hesitating, as if there might be something more, then let them drop, and they stood once more apart.

'I have to thank you, too,' she said, 'for bringing Constance back to me safe and well; and what is more, Edward, for that child.' She put out her hand to Frances, and drew her close, so that the girl could feel the agitation in her mother's whole person, and knew that, weak as she was, she was a support to the other,

who was so much stronger. 'I owe you more thanks still for her—that she never had been taught to think any harm of her mother, that she came back to me as innocent and true as she went away.'

'If you found her so, Adelaide, it was to her own praise, rather than mine.'

'Nay,' she said with a tremulous smile, 'I have not to learn now that the father of my children was fit to be trusted with a girl's mind—more, perhaps, than their mother—and the world together.' She shook off this subject, which was too germane to the whole matter, with a little tremulous movement of her head and hands. 'We must not enter on that,' she said. 'Though I am only a woman of the world, it might be too much for me. Discussion must be for another time. But we may be friends.'

'So far as I am concerned.'

'And I too, Edward. There are things even we might consult about—without prejudice, as the lawyers say—for the children's good.'

'Whatever you wish my advice upon'—

'Yes, that is perhaps the way to put it,' Lady Markham said, after a pause which looked like disappointment, and with an agitated smile. 'Will you be so friendly, then,' she added, 'as to dine at my house with the girls and me? No one you dislike will be there. Sir Thomas, who is in great excitement about your arrival; and perhaps Claude Ramsay, whom Constance has come back to marry.'

'Then she has settled that?'

'I think so; yet no doubt would like him to be seen by you. I hope you will come,' she said, looking up at him with a smile.

'It will be very strange,' he said, 'to dine as a guest at your table.'

'Yes, Edward; but everything is strange. We are so much older now than we were. We can afford, perhaps to disagree, and yet to be friends.'

'I will come if it will give you any pleasure,' he said.

'Certainly, it will give me pleasure.' She had been standing all the time, not having even been offered a seat, an omission which neither he nor she had discovered. He did it now, placing with great politeness a chair for her; but she did not sit down.

'For the first time, perhaps it is enough,' she said. 'And Charlotte thinks it more than enough. Good-bye, Edward. If you will believe me, I am—truly glad to see you, and I hope we may be friends.'

She half raised her clasped hands again. This time he took them in both his, and leaning towards her, kissed her on the forehead. Frances felt the tremor that ran through her mother's frame. 'Good-bye,' she said, 'till this evening.' Only the girl knew why Lady Markham hurried from the room. She stopped in the hall below to regain her self-command and arrange her bonnet. 'It is so long since we have met,' she said, 'it upsets me. Can you wonder, Frances? The woman in the end always feels it most. And then there are so many things to upset me just now. Constance and Markham—say nothing of Markham; do not mention his name—and even you'—

'There is nothing about me to annoy you, mamma.'

Lady Markham smiled with a face that was near crying. She gave a little tap with her finger upon Frances' cheek, and then she hurried away.

## A CHAT ABOUT IRONCLADS.

If the immortal Nelson could rise from his tomb in St Paul's Cathedral and go on board Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible*, he might reasonably be excused for thinking he was in a different world from that which he left some eighty years ago. Probably the only familiar sights to him would be an anchor or a stray coil of rope; he might well rack his brains to know what the other things on board were intended for. Turrets, eighty-one ton guns with their automatic and hydraulic fittings, electric machines, herculean engines, Whitehead torpedoes with their submerged firing apparatus, pneumatic telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, rocket torpedoes, torpedo steamboats, watertight doors and compartments, strange machine-guns, and many other equally incomprehensible things he would see crowded together in one immense, heavily armoured floating citadel, called, what would seem in mockery to him, a ship.

But without speculating on the probable feelings of the great naval hero, any visitor to Portsmouth can judge for himself as to the vast change which has taken place within the last thirty or forty years in the structure of ships of war. Let us walk through the dockyards and glance at the unwieldy forms of the modern ironclads building there, and then look out on the harbour and see the hulks of the many stately old line-of-battle ships riding at anchor, remnants of former fleets whose thunder has struck terror into the hearts of thousands of enemies—then the fact of this change will be at once apparent.

A modern ironclad is an enormous piece of complicated mechanism. In order to protect this mechanism from hostile shot, the greater part of it is placed under water and covered by a thick steel deck; the remainder above water being protected by vast armour-plates varying from eight to twenty-four inches in thickness. From the exterior, an ironclad is by no means a thing of beauty; one writer has described it as 'a cross between a cooking apparatus and a railway station;' but in place of this ingenious parallel, imagine a low flat-looking mass on the water; from the centre rises a huge funnel, on either side of which are a turret and a superstructure running to the bow and stern; two short pole masts, with platforms on the top for machine-guns, complete an object calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the veteran sailor who remembers the days of the grand old line-of-battle ship, with its tall tapering masts and white sails glistening in the sun. A stranger going on board one of our newest types of ironclads would lose himself amid the intricacies and apparent confusion of the numerous engines, passages, and compartments; it is a long time, in fact, before even the sailors find their way about these new ships, and the Admiralty allow a new ironclad to remain three months in harbour on first commissioning before going to sea, in order that the men may become acquainted with the uses of the several fittings on board, each ironclad that is built now being in many ways an improvement on its predecessor.

Those who have not been on board a modern ironclad can form no idea of the massiveness and solidity of the various fittings; the enormous guns, the rows of shot and shell, the huge bolts, bars, and beams seem to be meant for the use of giants, not men. Although crowded together in a comparatively small space, everything is in perfect order, and ready at any moment to be used for offensive or defensive purposes. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the captain of a man-of-war is ordered to keep his ship properly prepared for battle as well in time of peace as of war. Every evening before dark the quarters are cleared and every arrangement made for night-battle, to prevent surprise by a better prepared enemy. When at anchor in a harbour, especially at night, the ship is always prepared to repel any attempts of an enemy to board or attack with torpedoes or fireships. In addition to the daily and weekly drills and exercises, once every three months the crew are exercised at night-quarters, the time of course being kept secret by the captain, so that no preparations can be made beforehand, the exercise being intended to represent a surprise. In the dead of night, when only the officers of the watch and the sentries posted in the various parts of the ship are awake, the notes of a bugle vibrate between the decks; immediately, as if by magic, everything becomes alive; men are seen scrambling out of their hammocks, and lights flash in all directions; the huge shells are lifted by hydraulic power from the magazines, placed on trucks, and wheeled by means of railways to the turrets; men run here and there with rifles, boarding-pikes, axes, cases of powder and ammunition; others are engaged laying fire-hose along the decks, others closing the watertight doors; while far down below, the engineers, stokers, and firemen are busy getting up steam for working the electric-light engines, turrets, &c. At the torpedo ports, the trained torpedo-men are placing the Whiteheads in their tubes; others are preparing cases of gun-cotton for boom-torpedoes. In ten minutes, however, all is again silent and each man stands at his station ready for action. The captain, followed by his principal officers, now walks round the quarters and inspects all the arrangements for battle, after which various exercises are gone through. A bugle sounds, and numbers of men rush away to certain parts of the ship to repel imaginary boarders; another bugle, and a large party immediately commence to work the pumps; another low, long blast is a warning that the ship is about to ram an enemy, and every man on board stretches himself flat on the decks until the shock of the (supposed) collision takes place. After a number of exercises have been gone through, the guns are secured, arms and stores returned to their places, the men tumble into their hammocks again, and are soon fast asleep.

It would be interesting to glance at some of the principal offensive and defensive capabilities of a modern ironclad. The first-class line-of-battle ship of fifty years ago carried as many as a hundred and thirty, what would be called in the present day, very light guns; in contrast to this we read in a naval paper that Her Majesty's armour-plated barbette ram *Benbow*, now building on the Thames, is designed to

carry two guns weighing a hundred and ten tons each. These enormous weapons are forty-three feet eight inches long, and are capable of sending a shot weighing three-quarters of a ton to a distance of seven miles. The effect of a shell from one of these guns piercing the armour of a ship and bursting would be very disastrous, and there are few if any ships whose armour, when fairly hit at a moderate distance, could withstand such a blow. At the same time, an enemy would probably be steaming past at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots, and with only two guns, it is difficult to say how many hits would be scored; and a ship may be hit many times before a vital part is affected. The wisdom, therefore, of placing guns of such immense size on board a ship is doubtful, and it is a question whether four guns of half the weight would not do more execution. A time when the *Benbow* would show to advantage would be when opposing forts. There is no masonry or stonework in the world, except perhaps the Pyramids, that could stand long before the fire of such a ship. A stone fort under these circumstances becomes a trap for the destruction of all within it. Armoured forts, or earthworks, are the only species of land fortifications capable of withstanding the fire of guns of the above description.

Guns, however, although terrible in effect, are now supplemented by other and more deadly means of offence. Foremost amongst these stands the Whitehead or Fish Torpedo. This infernal machine can be discharged from tubes in the side of a ship to a distance of a thousand yards under water at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour. Armed with its charge of gun-cotton it rushes forth on its mission; and, if successful in striking the ship against which it is aimed, explodes, and rends a large hole in her side, through which the water pours in huge quantities. In order to protect a man-of-war from this danger, she can be surrounded at short notice with thick wire-nettings, hanging from projecting side-spars, against which the torpedo explodes with harmless effect. These nettings are, however, principally intended for use when ships are at anchor in harbour at night; they could not well be employed in action with an enemy, as they offer such resistance to the water as to reduce the speed of the ship by four or five knots, and so encumber her as to render her liable to be rammed by a more active opponent.

All large ironclads now have two or three torpedo boats. These craft are constructed of steel one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and steam at a speed of sixteen knots, some of the larger kind reaching twenty or twenty-one knots an hour. Carrying two Whiteheads, they are valuable auxiliaries to the parent ship; their rapid movements, together with their dangerous freight, distracting the attention of an enemy.

Machine-guns, however, form a very effective remedy for them; a single torpedo boat attacking an ironclad would, directly she got within range, be riddled with Gardner and Nordenfolt shot, and sunk in about fifteen seconds. It is only when three or four approach in various directions, or during night attacks, that they become really dangerous. The electric search-lights, with which most large men-of-war are now provided, will show a torpedo boat at the distance of a mile



on the darkest night; but there is of course always a chance of their getting close enough to a ship to discharge a torpedo before they are discovered. The Italians are now building boats which they term torpedo-hunters. They are to have great speed, and are intended to chase torpedo boats, and destroy them by means of light machine-guns, of which they carry two or three varieties.

The bow of many of our ironclads is constructed for the purpose of ramming (running down and sinking) an antagonist. To use a ram requires great speed and facilities for turning and manœuvring quickly; for the latter purposes, short ships are better than long ones. It would be a comparatively easy thing for a ship steaming fourteen knots to ram another that could only steam ten; a small ship might also out-maneuvre and ram a long one; but it would be extremely difficult, in fact almost impossible, for a ship to ram another vessel of equal speed and length. To secure facilities in turning and manœuvring, all our modern ships are built as short as possible, and have two screws, each worked by entirely separate sets of engines, so that one can go ahead whilst the other goes astern. If one set of engines is disabled, the other can still work independently, and a fair speed be maintained. We always think that two ships at close quarters trying to ram one another, must be like a game at chess, requiring the closest observation of your opponent's movements and the nicest judgment for your own, a wrong move being fatal to either.

People often wonder what would be the results of a great naval battle at the present time. Would many ships be destroyed? Would the loss of life be great? Let us try to describe shortly a few of the probable features of a fight between two fleets of modern ironclads. Although two hostile fleets might approach one another in some tactical formation, this could not be adhered to for any length of time, and the battle would soon become a series of independent duels between individual ships. This is at once apparent when we consider that most if not all of the ships would have rams, and it would therefore be highly necessary for a captain to have perfect control over the movements of his ship, to prevent her being rammed by an enemy. At the outset of the action, the torpedo boats would probably take a very active part, and until exterminated, which they certainly would be in time, would engage great attention, and be effective in sinking a few ships. It may be safely concluded that every ship would be steaming fast during the action, this being necessary to avoid being rammed, to get into favourable positions for discharging torpedoes, and to elude the fire of an enemy. Heavy-gun fire would of course be maintained from the commencement of the action, and those ships whose engines got disabled from this cause would speedily be rammed; and at this point we consider that great loss of life would take place, for the reason that the boats of a ship, being always exposed to machine-gun fire, would at an early stage of the action be riddled and shattered with shot; and in the incredibly short time in which a ship sinks after being rammed, it would be impossible for the crew to improvise other means to save themselves from drowning. No steps

seem yet to have been taken by our Admiralty with a view of providing for this contingency. It has been suggested that a Hospital Ship, bearing the Geneva cross, should accompany a fleet into action, to receive the wounded. We would make a further suggestion—namely, that this ship should be provided with fast-steaming boats, peculiarly marked to show their pacific nature, which should proceed to the assistance of the crew of a sinking ship; by this means numbers of the men might be saved who would otherwise certainly be drowned. It is not probable that the loss of life from gun-fire would be large, as a great part of the crew of an ironclad would be under water, the rest being inside the armoured portions of the ship. Few ships would be able to get into favourable positions for discharging Whitehead torpedoes from their tubes; even if they did so, the course of one of these machines is so erratic when discharged from a ship in motion, that it would in nearly every case miss its mark. The time for the use of Whiteheads would be from the torpedo boats at the commencement of the fight.

To sum up, it is the opinion of many naval men of authority that a modern naval battle would only occupy about half the time of a fight in the old Trafalgar days; that half the ships employed would be sunk, and that most of the remainder would be so battered as to be unfit for further service for months to come.

#### AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

##### A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

At the very time that Mr Muncaster was speeding northward on his self-imposed errand, two letters fraught with import, both of them addressed to Trevenna Cottage, were being borne on the wings of steam in an opposite direction. In those days, the evening mail from London was due in Boscombe Regis about eight o'clock, the last stage of its journey being by road.

It was now late autumn, and the weather was broken and stormy. In the tiny drawing-room at Trevenna Cottage, rendered cheerful by lamplight and firelight, sat Captain Avory and his wife, the latter busy over some kind of needle-work, but not so busy that her eyes could not find time to glance now and again at her husband's troubled face, as he sat on the opposite side of the fireplace, his meerschaum between his lips, and his slippers on his feet, for the captain adjured ceremony at home when there was no company. After a time he rose, and crossing to the window, he drew aside the curtain and peered out; but it was too dark to discern even the outlines of the laurels on the lawn.

'What can have become of that plaguy post-man?' he cried petulantly. 'He is never to his time in this dog-hole of a place.'

'It struck eight just five minutes ago,' was the quiet answer, 'so that he is not so very late after all. Besides, he may have nothing for us to-night.'

'You always were a Job's comforter,' he answered bitterly. 'But look here! If I don't hear something definite, either to-night or to-morrow morning, from those beggarly insurance

people, I'll wait no longer, but go up to town at once and favour them with a piece of my mind.'

'I would not do anything so rash and ill-advised, if I were you. I would just write them a quiet but firm reminder that all your preparations for going abroad are completed, and ask them to favour you with the date on which you may expect to hear finally from them.'

'That's all very well, Louisa; but I never could take things so coolly as you,' was the captain's querulous rejoinder as he resumed his seat by the fire. 'Look what a continual state of suspense I'm in. I can neither eat nor sleep. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, I shall end by becoming afraid of my own shadow.'

'You worry yourself without occasion. To my mind, everything is going on charmingly. These affairs always take time. I wish you would go down to the billiard-room at the *Crown* and amuse yourself there for an hour or two. The change would do you good.'

'I couldn't handle a cue to-night were it to save my life. Every nerve in my body seems on the flutter.'

'Try a little cognac,' suggested Mrs Avory sweetly.

'The old remedy,' he answered with a shrug. 'But I suppose there's no other.'

His hand was on the bell, when suddenly both he and his wife started and glanced at each other. They had heard the creaking of the garden gate. A moment later came the sound of heavy footsteps on the gravel, and then the postman's knock resounded through the cottage. Mrs Avory's busy fingers seemed turned to stone. The captain held his breath like a man in deep water. They heard the front door open and shut, they heard the postman's retreating footsteps, and then, in came Susan, carrying a couple of letters on a salver.

The captain made a clutch at them. One of them he let drop unconcernedly on the table; over the other his fingers closed instinctively. His first glance at the envelope had revealed to him the monogram of the Stork Insurance Company. Mrs Avory was intent on her work again. Servants have sharp eyes, and it would not do to let Susan suspect that there was anything unusual in the wind.

'News at last,' said the captain, not without a tremor in his voice, as the door closed behind the girl. 'Good or bad, eh, Lou? Are we saved or are we doomed to everlasting smash?'

'Open it, dear,' was all that his wife said as she blinked at him rapidly with her white eyelashes.

He tore open the envelope, and his eyes traversed the few lines in the inclosure at lightning speed.

'Saved, saved!' he cried in a hoarse voice as he dashed down the letter and sprang to his feet. 'It's all right, Lou—all right! The cheque's to be ready for me at noon on Wednesday next.' He began to pace the room with rapid strides, one hand buried deep in his pocket, while he tugged excitedly with the fingers of the other at the ends of his sandy moustache.

Mrs Avory reached quietly across the table and possessed herself of the letter. She gave

vent to a low sigh of relief when she had finished reading it. The golden apple, the fruit of so many desires, the object of so much scheming and of so many machinations, was at last about to drop into the hands of her husband and herself. An immense weight seemed to have been suddenly lifted off her heart.

Her husband stopped in his walk and confronted her. 'The servants are under notice, are they not?' he asked.

'They are under a week's notice, and have been for the last month. They can be sent away at any time.'

'That's all, right, then. Our boxes had better be packed and sent to London to the cloak-room at the terminus by the first train on Tuesday. You and I will travel up by the last train on the same day. On Wednesday I shall receive the cheque, which I shall at once get cashed, and on Thursday morning we shall be in Paris. Two days later, we shall be safe across the Spanish frontier, where all Scotland Yard couldn't lay a finger on us.' His eyes sparkled, his cheeks were flushed. He turned away with a laugh and a snap of his fingers, and resumed his pacing to and fro.

'There is another letter, Lucius, which you have not yet opened,' remarked Mrs Avory presently.

'Some beggarly tradesman's account,' answered the captain with a sneer. 'There will be more than one of them dished next Wednesday when they find the nest empty and the birds flown. I should like to be by and see the fun when they make the discovery. It's about time we made tracks, Lou; our credit here wouldn't have stretched out much longer.'

He took up the second letter and glanced at the superscription. The writing seemed familiar to him, but just then he could not call to mind whose it was. He tore open the envelope without a misgiving. But the instant his eyes fell on the writing inside, before he had time to read even a line of it, he knew from whom it had come. His face turned as white as the paper in his hands, while the room and everything in it seemed to swim before him. Pulling himself together by an immense effort, he drew closer to the lamp, and began to read the letter with eyes that seemed to devour the next line before they had fully taken in the sense of the one that preceded it. The letter ran as under:

LONDON, *Dufour's Hotel*,  
October 8.

DEAR LUCIUS—You will be surprised to learn that I am here in the Great Babylon, and I am almost as much surprised at it myself. I landed on Tuesday, and am devoting a few days to sight-seeing before hunting you up. I will defer till we meet all explanations as to the reasons for my sudden return. You are such an erratic being, that I had to obtain your address from my bankers, before feeling sure where a letter would find you. I purpose leaving London by the 4.15 P.M. train on Monday next for Boscombe Regis. I am told that I must book to Mumpton Junction, and that I shall have to do the remaining distance by road. Perhaps you can contrive to meet me at the junction; but if it's at all inconvenient, don't bother. I shall no doubt be

able to hire a trap at the station. Remember me to your wife, who, as well as yourself, is, I trust, in the best of health.—Hoping to see you both very shortly, believe me, your affectionate cousin,  
EDWARD SAVERNE.

Lucius Avory's heart withered within him long before he reached the end of the letter. He let it drop from his nerveless fingers, and sinking into the nearest chair with a groan, he buried his face in his hands. All the golden fabric of fraud which he and his wife had built up with so much labour and cunning, as at the touch of an enchanter's wand had fallen in ruins around them. The avenger was on their footsteps, and soon would overtake them; before them loomed a future at whose blackness his soul shrank aghast.

Her husband's exclamation startled Mrs Avory. Up to that moment she had not been heeding him, her thoughts being busy trying to pierce the vista which a perusal of the first letter had opened before her mind's eye. She stared at him for a moment in silent wonder. What could possibly have changed him so suddenly? She reached over for the letter. Her quick brain took in the contents and all that they implied almost at a glance. What little colour there was in her face died out of it, and she bit her thin under-lip with her sharp white teeth, in her effort to keep down the sudden rush of emotion; her hand trembled perceptibly as she replaced the letter on the table. She glanced across at her husband. His elbows were resting on the table and his face was hidden by his hands. 'Lucius, look up; try to be a man,' said Mrs Avory after a few moments, in a tone of some asperity.

He lifted a face that seemed to have suddenly grown several years older, so lined and haggard did it look. 'We are ruined, ruined! Nothing can save us,' he groaned.

'I am not so sure on that point as you seem to be,' answered his wife coldly. 'In any case, let us face the difficulty. Let us consider it; let us try whether we cannot discover some loophole of escape. Come what may, it is useless to whine like a whipped cur.'

The taunt stung him. He stifled the exclamation that rose to his lips and scowled savagely at his wife.

'I admit that the situation looks all but hopeless, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies,' resumed Mrs Avory. 'It is certainly a remarkable coincidence which brings this man here, under this roof, at this particular time. He writes that he will be here on Monday evening; had he delayed his visit till Wednesday evening, it would not have greatly mattered. By that time, he would have found the Cottage empty and all trace of us lost.'

'Why not write to him and get him to postpone his visit?' broke in the captain eagerly. 'Could you not tell him that I'm down with some bad kind of fever, and that it would be dangerous for him to come?'

Mrs Avory considered for a minute, and then shook her head. 'No; that would hardly do, I think. You know the kind of man Edward is. If he were told there was illness or danger, he would be only the more likely to rush down

by the first train, thinking that he might possibly be of service. And even if we were to put forward some minor excuse, with the view of postponing his visit, that would not be unattended with danger. The chances are that, a few days hence, when he has grown tired of London, if he does not come here, he will make his way to Exeter with the view of looking up Mr Kerrison—and where should we be in that case, *cher ami*!'

The captain shivered, but had nothing to urge in reply.

'No; Edward Saverne must come here, to Trevenna Cottage, at the time he proposes to come. You must meet him at the junction, and drive him back in the trap yourself. There is one small point in our favour—it will be quite dark by the time he arrives.'

'And after that?' queried the captain savagely. 'What about next morning? You may perhaps remember that Ned was always an early riser. He will be out of doors by six o'clock, and by breakfast-time half the folk in Boscombe will know his name and all about him. And where shall we be in that case?'

'Let me think,' replied Mrs Avory, and that more as if speaking to herself than to her husband. He lay back in his chair, gnawing the end of his moustache and watching her with gloomy, furtive eyes. He had had ample proof in times gone by of his wife's ability to extricate herself and him from difficulties of various kinds, and it seemed to him just possible that, desperate as was their present strait, her quick-working brain might, even at the eleventh hour, discover some loophole of escape.

She was going on with her needle-work again, but her eyelids were blinking rapidly, and, as her husband knew, it was a sign that she was trying to work out some difficult problem in her mind. There was no sound save the ticking of the little clock on the chimney-piece, and an occasional burst of rain and wind against the casement outside. A quarter of an hour passed without a word being spoken. At length Mrs Avory looked up. 'I think I see a way; but it is a way beset with difficulties,' she said quietly, and at the same moment a strange, sinister light flashed into her coldly luminous eyes.

The captain leaned forward eagerly, while a deep flush mounted to his cheeks. 'You do! What is it? You were always clever, Lou,' he exclaimed.

She glanced round, as if to make sure that no one was within hearing; then she said in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper: 'You remember Hoogies and what you told me, months ago, about it?'

He stared at her for a moment; then he said: 'Of course I do; but what of that?'

'The first thing to-morrow you must endeavour to find Bosy Groote.'

The shade of perplexity deepened on his face. 'Bosy Groote!' he exclaimed. 'I don't understand.'

'Hush!' said his wife with a sudden lifting of her finger, as a discreet tap sounded on the door. Next moment Susan entered with bedroom candles.

As a rule, the tenants of Trevenna Cottage

kept early hours; but to-night the lamp in the little drawing-room was not extinguished till long after midnight.

### SOME QUAIN T JUDGMENTS.

EVERY one, of course, is familiar with the judgment delivered by King Solomon in the case of the two mothers. Extraordinary as it must have at first appeared to those who heard it, it had, nevertheless, the effect of bringing out the truth, and making manifest which of the rival claimants was the genuine one. Scattered about in the various histories and records of men and nations are to be found many other decisions of despotic kings and princes, unrestrained by the iron hand of statute law and precedent, which seem equally quaint, and yet were equally effective in bringing about the desired result. The case in which Portia appeared as counsel is no fiction of Shakspeare's, though she herself may be. The main facts of the singular bond and its attempted enforcement, and the consequent trial and judgment, as related in *The Merchant of Venice*, are fairly well-authenticated matters of history.

There is a story related of a judgment given by Pedro the Cruel of Spain imbued with very much the same spirit as the one delivered in the court at Venice. A slater was engaged in repairing the roof of a house, and while so engaged, through some false step or some other accident, lost his balance and rolled down the slanting side of the roof, and fell over the edge into the street below. Just at this moment—unfortunately for himself, though fortunately for the slater—a man was passing along the street just in front of the house whose roof was being repaired. Upon him the slater fell, knocking him to the ground with such force that he eventually died of the injuries he received; while the slater does not seem to have been much the worse for his fall, being saved from any violent concussion with the hard pavement by the interposition of the body of the unfortunate wayfarer. The dead man's son brought an action against the slater, asking that he might receive punishment for killing his father, and be made to pay to him, the son, damages to compensate him for his loss. The king, before whom the matter was laid, inquired into it, and satisfied himself that the slater was in no way to be blamed, his fall and its fatal consequence being purely accidental. In delivering his judgment, he said that it was natural that the son should desire some satisfaction for the death of his father at the hands of the man who had killed him, and that this he was ready to order him. The slater must go and stand exactly in the position where the deceased man had been at the time of the accident; and the son might mount on to the roof of the house and throw himself thence on to the slater, and so mete out to him the same treatment as had been meted out to his, the plaintiff's, father. The son, however, like Shylock, declined to run the risks incidental to carrying out the judgment.

The Emperor Claud was appealed to by a young man, who complained that his mother had disowned him, saying that he was no son of hers, and in no way entitled to any share of the family

property. The emperor investigated the matter, and came to the conclusion that, though there was no way of quite conclusively proving that the young man was the son of the woman, there was yet, practically, no doubt about it. He ordered the woman to be brought before him, and said to her: 'Do you still deny that this man is your son?' The relationship was persistently denied. 'Well, then,' said Claud, 'if he is not your son, he shall be your husband. I order that you be immediately married to him.' This unexpected command reawakened in her the maternal feeling; and confessing her perjury, she fully acknowledged the young man as her son.

It is related of the Sultan Soliman II. that, upon his return to Constantinople after the conquest of Belgrade, a poor woman came to him, complaining that her cottage had been broken open by some of his soldiers, who had carried away all her goods while she was asleep. Soliman smiled, and told her she must have been sleeping hard if she had not heard the noise the men must have made in carrying away her property. 'It is true, my lord,' she boldly replied, 'that I slept soundly, because I believed your Highness was watching over me.' The sultan, though he felt the force of her rebuke, nevertheless admired her reply, and took steps for the restoration of her property and the punishment of her spoilers, giving her as well twenty pieces of gold.

Scaliger relates that a gentleman of high position, named Macaire, one of the bodyguard of King Charles V. of France, having some grudge against one of his comrades, Aubry de Montdidier, meeting him one day in the forest of Bondy, near Paris, accompanied only by his dog, treacherously murdered him, and buried his body. What the dog was doing while his master was being murdered, Scaliger does not tell us; but it appears to have been temporarily absent, probably hunting. When it returned, it found out the spot where its master's body was buried, and lay down on the grave, and kept watch over it till the pangs of hunger drove it in quest of food. It trotted off into Paris to the kitchen of one of Montdidier's most intimate friends, where it was well known, and hospitably received. Food was offered to it; and when the poor animal had satisfied its hunger, it set off again for its master's grave in the forest of Bondy. Next day, the same conduct was repeated, and for several days afterwards. At last the curiosity of one of the servants who fed the dog was aroused as to the cause of its daily visits, and he resolved to follow it. He traced it to the forest, and saw it lie down on a spot where the earth appeared to have been recently disturbed. The dog, seeing the man approach, began to howl in a melancholy way, as though it were trying to inspire pity. The appearance of the ground and the dog's singular conduct led to a search being made, when the body of Montdidier was discovered. The dog subsequently attached itself to the owner of the kitchen where it had gone daily for food; and it was noticed that every time it met Macaire, who moved in the same society as his new master, it flew at him, and would have worried him, if it had not been pulled away by those who were at hand. This behaviour of the dog caused some suspicion to



grow up against Macaire. Charles V., hearing of the matter, wished to inquire into the truth of it, and gave orders that Macaire and the dog should both come before him. Immediately the dog saw Macaire, it again flew at him with its accustomed fury. The king severely questioned Macaire as to what he knew of Montdidier's death, and exhorted him to tell the truth. Macaire denied all knowledge of it. Charles then decreed that Macaire and the dog should meet in single combat; the man being furnished with a thick staff; and a barrel with one end knocked out being provided as a place of shelter for the dog, in case it should be hard pressed. The duel commenced. The dog began by bounding about, just outside the reach of the staff, till it saw its opportunity. Then it made a furious spring and caught Macaire by the throat and dragged him to the ground. The unfortunate man, finding he could not free himself, cried for mercy, and confessed his crime. He was thereupon delivered from the dog, but only to be given into the custody of the law, by whose sentence he was afterwards executed.

The Duke of Ossone is celebrated for the many quaint judgments and decisions delivered by him while viceroy of Naples. Some of them seem actuated rather by a spirit of pleasantry than by one of justice. One day the duke had to choose a galley-slave who should be liberated in honour of some great festival. He went on board one of the galleys, and standing in front of the first bench of rowers, six in number, he began to question them all as to what had brought them there. The first one contented himself by calling God as a witness to his innocence, and protesting that he was there for no reason at all. The second said his punishment and disgrace were the work of his enemies and not the consequence of any crime. The third protested that a crying injustice had been done him by his being sent there without any trial. The fourth said that the lord of his village had become enamoured of his wife and had caused him to be sent there out of the way. The fifth declared that he came from the hamlet of Somma, and that he had been implicated in a robbery there, in which he really had had no part at all, and that all his neighbours would bear witness to his honesty. The sixth, who had observed that all these excuses and justifications did not seem to please the duke, took a different tone. 'Your Excellency,' he said, 'I come from Naples; and though the town is a large one, I do not believe that it contains a greater scoundrel than myself. They have been merciful to me in only sending me to the galleys.'

The viceroy looked at the man keenly for some moments, and then, turning to those in attendance upon him, said: 'Let this scoundrel be released from his chains; he will corrupt all those honest men.' Then he presented him with some money to provide himself with clothing, and besought him to try to live a better life in the future.

Two days afterwards, another prisoner was to be liberated, and the duke again proceeded to the galleys to select one. Information as to what had happened on the previous occasion had reached the slaves in the galley which the duke boarded, and they believed that the best way of getting their liberty was to blacken themselves

as much as possible, seeing that that course had succeeded so well before. Of all the three hundred in the galley there was not one who did not confess that he was soiled with the vilest crimes, and had richly deserved wheel or gallows.

'This is strange,' said the duke, 'to see so many people with souls so black. Their punishment is the health of the state, which they would infect by their bad example. What crimes would they not commit if they were at liberty! I shall order them all to be still more vigorously guarded,' which he did; freeing only a monk, because he ingenuously said that the chains of the galley were less oppressive than those of the monastery. His punishment was the penalty of a double apostasy of which he had been guilty.

'Well,' said the duke, 'return to your monastery, since there you undergo a severer punishment.'

A rich old merchant, seventy years of age, named Morelli, boasted that he had gained the whole of his fortune without leaving Naples. He had never been away from it, he said, for five-and-forty years, and he vowed he would never go beyond sight of its walls. The Duke of Ossone heard of the old man's speeches, and sent to him one of his officers forbidding him, on the part of the king, to leave the kingdom on pain of forfeiting a fine of a thousand crowns. Morelli received the prohibition with mockery, and jested about it with his friends. To leave the kingdom was the last thing in the world he should think of doing. Had he not said that nothing could induce him to travel out of sight of his beloved Naples? Soon, however, he began to feel a curiosity as to what could have prompted this command of the king's, and he began to torment himself by all sorts of vague guesses and reflections, till the matter took such hold of his thoughts that it threw him into a nervous and miserable condition, and even prevented him from sleeping. At last, to deliver himself from a state of inquietude which he could no longer bear, and to satisfy his longing to do that which had been forbidden him, he sent a thousand crowns to the viceroy, and passed over the Neapolitan border into the Papal States. He stayed there only one night and then returned to Naples. The viceroy, upon hearing of his return, distributed half of the thousand crowns among Neapolitan hospitals, and returned the rest to Morelli, saying that this would suffice to teach the public how fools were punished.

About the same time there was in Naples another rich merchant named Ferronelli, noted for his avarice. This man had had the misfortune to lose an embroidered purse containing fifty gold ducats and fifty Spanish pistoles, together with a ring worth a thousand crowns. This loss was a cause of great grief to Ferronelli; and he sent a crier through Naples proclaiming that any one finding the purse and restoring it and its contents to the owner should be rewarded with the fifty pistoles. A poor old widow found it, and brought it to Ferronelli. As soon as he saw it and its rich contents, he felt tempted to cozen the old woman out of the greater part of the promised reward. The temptation was too strong for the avaricious man to resist; and while he was counting over the pistoles, he dexterously pushed out of sight thirty of them, and said to

the widow: 'I promised the fifty pistoles that were inside the purse to the finder; but I see you have already taken thirty of them. Here are the other twenty.'

The old woman protested that she had not taken a single coin; but it was in vain. Ferronelli insisted that she had already appropriated thirty of the pistoles, and must, therefore, now be contented with the balance of twenty. The old woman was obliged to yield, and went away with what she could get, which was indeed a large sum for her.

Talking matters over, however, with her friends afterwards, she was advised to lay the affair before the viceroy and to beseech his interference. The merchant was summoned before the viceroy, and gave his account of the matter.

The duke, when he had heard Ferronelli's story, replied: 'It is not likely that the old woman should have abstracted part of the money in the purse, as, if she had been dishonestly inclined, she might have taken the whole. This purse cannot, therefore, be yours; for yours, you say, contained fifty pistoles, and this one does not. In my opinion, you ought to be punished for having appropriated what does not belong to you.'

'My lord,' urged Ferronelli, 'I recognise the purse perfectly. I know the embroidery; besides, there are my ring and my fifty ducats in it. I beseech your Excellency not to allow me to be deprived of what is rightfully mine.'

'You must be deceiving yourself,' replied the viceroy. 'Does not the Mint turn out all ducats alike, and is it not possible that the jewellers should have made more than one ring like yours, and that there should be more than one purse embroidered in the same fashion as yours? The essential point is that your purse contained fifty pistoles, while this one does not.'

Then addressing himself to the widow, he said: 'Go, my good woman; take the purse; you are fairly entitled to it.'

One example more of this viceroy's method of dispensing justice, and we will conclude. There was in Naples a young Spanish exquisite, one Bertrand Solus. One day, while he was lounging about in one of the busier parts of the city, a porter, carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder, tried to make his way through the crowd. Solus was directly in his path, and the porter called out to him several times, 'Make way, please,' without producing any effect. He then attempted to pass him as best he could; but, unfortunately, the wood came in contact with the young man's velvet dress and gave it an ugly rent. Highly indignant, he laid an information against the porter, and asked that he might be punished. The viceroy—having inquired privately into the circumstances before going into court—told the porter that he was to pretend to be dumb, and was to reply by signs only to anything that might be said to him. When the viceroy took his seat on the bench, Solus laid his complaint before him, and asked for judgment against the porter. The viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply to the charge. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

'What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?' asked the viceroy of Solus.

'Oh, your Excellency, the man is an impostor. I beseech you not to believe that he is dumb. Before he ran against me, I distinctly heard him cry out, "Make way!"'

'Then,' replied the viceroy, 'if you heard him ask you to make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself; and you must pay this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here.'

#### TRACING A STOLEN BANK-NOTE.

SOME years ago I was resident in New York. One day a gentleman, who announced himself as the British consul at that port, entered my father's office, saying that he wished to speak with Mr M——.

'That is my name,' I replied.

'Pardon me,' said the consul; 'but I was under the impression that the Mr M—— whom I am desirous of seeing was an older man than you are.'

'Ah, it is my father, then, whom you want. Unfortunately, he is, and has been, for some days past confined to the house by indisposition. Can you communicate to me the nature of your business, and it may be in my power to attend to it, in his absence?'

'I am obliged to you,' said the consul. 'Well,' he added, after some slight hesitation, 'I should like to speak with you in private for a few minutes, if convenient.'

'Certainly;' and having shown the old gentleman into an inner room, I requested him to be seated, and waited for him to broach the matter concerning which he had sought the interview.

Without preface, the consul took out from a pocket-book a twenty-pound Bank of England note, handed it to me, and said: 'I believe this note passed through your father's hands about two months ago.'

'Very possibly,' I replied, rather surprised at the question. 'But I can ascertain for a certainty in a moment.' Then, summoning a junior clerk, I desired him to bring me the rough cash-book. On looking over its pages, I soon came across an entry regarding a Bank of England note, the amount, date, and number of which corresponded with those of the one before me.

'I find,' I said, 'that this note *was* in my father's possession at the time you mention.—But may I ask the object of your making the inquiry?'

'It is this. Some fourteen months since, this note was abstracted from a letter posted at Glasgow for Aberdeen. Nothing was heard of the stolen money until five weeks ago, when the note was stopped, on being paid into the Bank of England by a firm of private bankers. They stated that it had been received by one of their customers in the ordinary course of business. The customer, when applied to, said that it had been remitted to him by a Mr M—— of New York. I have therefore been instructed by my government to trace, if possible, the note

during the period it was in this country. Can you inform me from whom your father had it?

'Easily,' I said, referring to the book before me. 'It was bought of a Mr White, who has an Exchange Office in Wall Street. But I fear,' I added, 'you will find it very difficult, if not quite impracticable, to carry the matter further; since it is the usage with brokers to buy English bank-notes offered for sale without asking any questions, being aware that, even if they have been stolen, "the innocent holder" can legally enforce the cashing of them.'

'That is true. I agree with you that it is most unlikely that Mr White will be able to let me know who was the person from whom he bought the note; however, I shall call upon him without delay, since it is just possible that he may have it in his power to afford the information I seek.' Then, after thanking me for my courtesy in the matter, the consul took his leave; and I presumed that I should hear nothing more of the affair.

However, some months later, I was lunching at Delmonico's one day, when the consul entered the room. Recognising me, he came over to the table at which I was seated and took a chair beside me. In the course of conversation, he said: 'You recollect the circumstance of my calling upon you, some little time ago, with respect to a stolen Bank of England note?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, after all, I *was* successful in tracing the note.'

'How was that?' I inquired.

'I will tell you. When I left your office, I went to that of Mr White. He referred to his books, and found that he had changed the note for the manager of one of the agencies of the Central Railroad Company. I then called upon that gentleman. He had no recollection of the individual from whom he had received the money; and disappointed, I was leaving the establishment, when a clerk interposed, and addressing his employer, he said: "Mr Suydam, we had the note in question from a man who bought a through-ticket for Chicago. He came in to inquire what was the fare to that city. I told him. He said that he would go by our line, but that he must first change some English money at a broker's. I informed him that this was quite unnecessary, as I would take it in payment of his ticket, at the current rate of exchange. To this suggestion he agreed; and thus the note came into our hands. Why I remember so clearly the transaction is, that the man's name was a rather unusual one—Blenkiron, and I had to ask him how he spelt it. Mr Blenkiron mentioned incidentally that he was going West, to fill a situation in a large manufacturing establishment; but he did not say the nature of the business, nor the name of the firm which had engaged his services."

'Furnished with these particulars,' continued the consul, 'I met the difficulty of putting myself in communication with the man in this way. I wrote to him, stating the information I sought, and addressed my letter to him at the *Poste Restante*, Chicago. At the same time, I caused advertisements to be inserted in two of the leading daily newspapers in that city, notifying Mr Blenkiron that there was a letter for him at

the head post-office. Well, some days afterwards I had a reply to my communication, informing me that the writer had received the bank-note from an uncle in Bombay, whose address he gave me. This information I forwarded to the postal authorities in England, on whom, of course, devolved the duty of pursuing all further inquiries with respect to the matter; and for some little time thereafter I heard nothing more about the business. However, subsequently, I learned the sequel of it. The Mr Blenkiron, resident in Bombay, when communicated with, stated that the note had been sent to him by a merchant in Glasgow. That merchant had received it from a tradesman in the same place; that individual, in his turn, had taken it from a clerk in one of the branch post-offices in that city, in payment of his account. Thus, finally, the theft of the money having been brought home to the clerk in question, he was duly tried, and convicted of the offence.'

This was the consul's story, which struck me as a rather curious one. It is said, with justice, that the strength of a chain is simply the strength of its weakest link. In this case, some of the links of the chain of circumstances which had rendered it possible to trace the people through whose hands the stolen bank-note had passed, had been of the slightest, and had threatened on more than one occasion to part. Yet, by a concurrence of purely fortuitous events, they had not done so; but, on the contrary, the chain had held together so strongly as to bring an offender to justice, after so long a period had elapsed since the commission of the crime, that the criminal doubtless supposed himself quite safe from detection.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### AUSTRALASIAN TRADE.

At the first meeting of the Australasian Trade Section of the London Chamber of Commerce, Alderman Sir William M'Arthur referred to the great importance of the trade represented by the Section. Its yearly total had now reached one hundred and fifteen million pounds, and in it some three millions of colonists were concerned; whereas in Canada, with its four and a half millions of people, the trade was not quite fifty million pounds, though it should be borne in mind that Canada, being the senior colony, was largely supplied from its own home productions with many articles which the younger Australasian colonies imported from the mother-country. This showed how important were our commercial relations with those colonies. He pointed out that while the United States of America—whither, until quite lately, emigration had largely flowed—only bought the productions of the United Kingdom to the amount of ten shillings per head, Canada and other colonies to the extent of three pounds per head, the value taken by Australia was at the rate of six pounds per head. On the other hand, we were large importers from Australia, the principal staple being wool, which we received to the extent of one million bales, weighing three hundred pounds each, in a year. Large quantities of Australian gold were brought into this country, the value having been as high as

twelve millions a year, though it had gradually fallen to six millions. We were continuing to look to Australia for an increasing portion of our food-supply, the total cereal export from South Australia alone being eight hundred thousand tons. A growing trade in dead-meat had also been created, both in beef and mutton, and as many as twenty-five thousand carcasses of sheep were brought by one vessel. One Australian industry which should be more largely developed was that of wine. The wine of Australia was remarkably good; but there was a serious drawback to material progress in the trade—namely, the duties now charged on importation into this country. The shilling duty on every gallon of colonial or foreign wines only applied to those up to the strength of twenty-six degrees; whereas the natural wines of Australia ranged as high as twenty-eight and thirty degrees, and consequently they were at a serious disadvantage in competing with others.

#### ENGLISH CALICOES IN CHINA.

The English Consul-general in his last Report about the trade of Shanghai takes notice of the increasing trade in American cottons during 1884. The greatest increase is in the item of sheetings, the chief markets for which are the colder districts of northern and north-western China, where these are used for clothing or tent-coverings. Lancashire, however, is beginning to awaken to the necessity of furnishing a more suitable material, which is coming to be favourably known in this region. The consul at Chinkiang says that there are fewer complaints than formerly of the sizing of English goods, but that English goods are far less durable than American, though costing only half the money. The sizing process has undoubtedly sown throughout China a wide distrust of foreign cottons. He says that English cottons are too fragile, and American too dear to suit the thrifty, practical Chinese peasant. For the import to be proportionate to the huge market open, an article as soft, as durable, and nearly as cheap as the native cottons, must be made. American drills and sheetings are very popular for their stoutness and strength, and are worn by all who can afford to pay a high price. Inner garments are made from the cheaper English cottons; but clerks, scholars, and the lower-middle class, together with a few farmers, buy the cheap English goods. Those engaged in outdoor labour—an immense multitude—wear native Chinese cottons, which outwear three or four English fabrics. The satisfaction of the demands of these customers should be the aim of our manufacturers at home.

The Reports from Hankow and Newchwang show that English textiles are barely holding their ground. The consul at Newchwang remarks that 'English cotton goods are far cheaper than either American or Chinese; but, owing to their bad quality, are far less economical in the end. If our manufacturers wish to retain their hold in this market, they must devote more attention to the purity and durability of the goods they turn out.' Another consul repeats that what is wanted is a cloth similar to the strong native cotton cloths of China, and for which our manufacturers would find an illimitable market.

#### PAPER RAILWAYS.

No use seems at first sight more extraordinary for paper than that of a material for railway wheels. As a building material it is becoming common in America, being especially valuable on account of its lightness for the upper portions of large buildings; indeed, an immense dome has been constructed of it with much success. Of course, to call the material 'paper' is somewhat misleading, the substance used for these purposes being merely the pulp after subjection to enormous pressure. Paper railway wheels have, as has been previously stated, been severely tested in America, and not found wanting. It is nevertheless somewhat of a surprise to learn that what may be called a paper railway is shortly to be laid down in Russia. According to *Galignani*, an American Company has been established in the environs of St Petersburg, having a large factory devoted to this special manufacture, by the authorisation of the Russian Ministry of Finance. The Company is about to lay down a line with paper rails and wheels between the capital and Warsaw. We should imagine that there would be far less vibration and noise on lines of compressed paper than on lines of metal, with a consequent increased comfort to travellers. The qualities of this compressed paper are lightness and great tensile strength combined with much durability. The new material might be introduced with advantage into the manufacture of vehicles.

#### NEMESIS.

When he and she were ten and eight,  
His little wife was she;  
And both were quite content to wait  
Till he a man should be.  
They played together as they grew;  
A tyrant lord was he—  
They'd quarrel when the clock was two,  
And make it up at three!

At fifteen he on girlish toys  
Looks down with scornful mien;  
And she disdains to play with boys  
At feminine thirteen.  
His matrimonial views are cool,  
At love he gaily mocks;  
She boasts a dearest friend at school,  
And daily lengthening frocks!

When twenty sees him quite a man,  
His bliss has one alloy:  
She laughs at him behind her fan,  
And calls him such a boy.  
For she has lovers now galore,  
Who smiles and favour crave;  
And he who tyrannised of yore,  
Is now her humblest slave!

They now are middle-aged; 'tis said  
His chin a beard now covers;  
And strange to say, she's not yet wed,  
In spite of all her lovers!  
But vain for her to sigh for him,  
For so the story tells—  
Grown weary of caprice and whim,  
He's married some one else!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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